

Really Pretty by JoMo3

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Summary:

Mike and Eleven's first date.

Really Pretty

Author's Note:

Thank you for all of the comments and kudos!
So this took longer to do than I thought it would, as I
battled writer's block. I hope you enjoy.

Still pretty?

Yeah! Pretty. Really pretty.

It was a Wednesday evening and the boys had just finished their homework in Mike's basement. As they began gathering their books and backpacks, the conversation turned to what they would do over the coming weekend.

"I can't do anything Friday," Will said. "It's my grandmother's birthday and she's coming over. I can't get out of it."

"Okay, how about Saturday, then?" Lucas asked.

"I can't," Mike said quietly.

"Why?" Dustin asked. "Babysitting Holly again?"

"No, it's not that."

"Well, what is it, then?" Lucas asked.

"Nothing," Mike muttered, putting his last book into his backpack and zipping it up.

"What, do you have a date or something?" Dustin asked, jokingly. When Mike got quiet and blushed, Dustin's eyes widened. "Holy shit! Really?"

The boys laughed in disbelief for a few seconds, until Lucas asked "With who?"

"Who do you think?" Dustin said. Looking at Mike, he said "El."

Mike, still red, nodded his head.

"That's great, Mike," Will said encouragingly.

"Yeah, thanks," Mike answered, still embarrassed.

"Why didn't you tell any of us?" Lucas asked.

"Why do you *think*?" Mike responded.

"I *thought* you two were making extra cutesy faces at each other the other day," Dustin said.

"No we weren't, shut up," Mike said, rolling his eyes. "Look, it's no big deal, can we talk about something else, please?"

So the boys decided they'd all meet up Sunday to do something. Dustin and Will headed home out of the basement door. Lucas stayed behind to talk to Mike.

"You know you could've told us about El," Lucas told him.

Mike shrugged his shoulders. "I didn't want you guys making fun of me."

"Yeah, well, you still should have told us." Grinning, he quoted El. "Friends don't lie."

Mike grinned and looked at his best friend. "Shut up."

"Where are you taking her?"

"That's the thing, I have no idea," Mike said.

"Are you going to kiss her?"

Mike blushed. "I don't know, maybe."

Lucas chuckled. "Mike, what've you gotten yourself into?"

"Absolutely not!" Hopper had said when El told him about her and Mike's upcoming date.

"Why?" she'd asked.

"You're too young to date," he said.

"But I like Mike."

Hopper had shaken his head. "El, listen, you're not ready for this kind of stuff yet, okay? Maybe in a couple years. You can hang out with him and the other boys, but this dating stuff...not yet."

She had been on the verge of tears when she remembered something she'd seen Holly do. She stuck out her bottom lip and made her eyes as sad and pitiful as she possibly could.

"But *dad* ..."

"Ah, dammit," Hopper said, rolling his eyes. El usually called him Hopper or Hop, which he didn't mind; but the few times she referred to him as dad tugged at his heartstrings.

"Please?" she asked.

Hopper looked away, not able to face her when she looked that adorable. Finally, he sighed. "Fine. When is it?"

"Saturday."

"Okay. I guess we'll have to get you a dress or something."

She looked confused. "A dress?"

"You're supposed to look nice for a...date," he said, hating the word.

El nodded her head in understanding.

"Maybe we can get Joyce or Nancy to help you out with that," Hopper said. "Where's he taking you?"

El shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know."

Hopper groaned. "Okay. Let's go talk to Joyce and see if she can help with this."

"Thanks, Hop," she said, hugging him.

"Yeah, yeah," he said, wrapping an arm around her.

By Friday the boys had run almost a hundred ideas past Mike on what to do, and where to go, on his date with Eleven. Lucas had suggested the two of them just hang out together at his house. Dustin had suggested numerous places to eat, while Will had suggested taking her to see a movie. Finally, the day before, Mike decided he'd combine all of their ideas-eat somewhere and watch a movie in the basement, his favorite place to be with her.

"Sounds cool," said Dustin on Friday night. He and Lucas came over for some last minute support.

"Thanks," Mike said.

"Are you nervous?" Lucas asked.

"I'm trying not to be. It's just El."

"So, are you nervous?" Dustin repeated, with a smile on his face.

"Hell yes I'm nervous," Mike answered, causing the other boys to laugh.

"Don't be. It's like you said, it's just El," Lucas assured him.

"Mike and Eleven, sitting in a tree," Dustin sang. "K-I-S-S-I-N-G."

"Shut up," Mike said; though even he was smiling.

"Okay, I gotta go," Lucas said, getting up. "Good luck tomorrow."

"Thanks," Mike said, getting up as well.

"Call us on the Supercom after," Dustin said, putting his backpack on. "Just don't call when you guys are making out and stuff."

Smiling, Mike tossed a pencil at Dustin.

The night before her date with Mike, Eleven had a hard time falling asleep, as the butterflies in her tummy wouldn't let up.

In the next room she could hear Hopper snoring. *Lucky him*, she thought.

Sitting up, she turned on her bedside lamp and reached for her Supercom. Pressing a button, she whispered: "Mike?"

There was nothing, just static that crackled back. She put it back on her nightstand and was about to turn off her lamp when she heard his voice

"El? You there?"

Smiling, she picked it up. "I'm here. Did I wake you up?"

"No, you didn't. Are you okay?"

Eleven clutched the Supercom tightly. To be honest, she wasn't entirely sure why she had called Mike, it just seemed the natural thing to do.

"I can't sleep."

"Why? What's wrong?"

She hesitated, then said "I'm nervous. About tomorrow."

The static crackled for a moment before Mike came back on.

"I'm nervous too, El." This time he paused, before saying quietly "We don't have to, if you don't want to."

That surprised her. As nervous as she was, she'd been looking forward to it all week. She liked Mike just about more than anyone else and the thought of them spending time together...romantically...had given her a warm feeling in her stomach.

Still, she asked "Do you want to?"

"Of course I do, El. I've been thinking about you...I mean it....all week," he said, catching himself.

She smiled, the butterflies being replaced by that warm feeling. "Thank you, Mike. I want to, too."

"So you're not nervous?"

"Yes, I am, but....I want to date."

On the other line, Mike tried to contain his giddiness.

Eleven yawned. "I think I'm getting sleepy. Thank you for talking to me."

"Okay. Um....goodnight, El. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Bye, Mike," she whispered as she switched off the Supercom. Within minutes, she was fast asleep.

With Joyce's help, Eleven picked out a nice pink dress to wear for her date with Mike. Nancy had offered to come by early on Saturday and do El's makeup and hair, which had made Hopper grumble under his breath. Though even he was taken aback when the two girls emerged from the bathroom, his El looking prettier than usual.

"Wow," he said. "That Wheeler is a lucky boy."

Eleven looked confused, and asked "Why?"

"He means you look nice," Nancy told her.

"Oh. Thanks, dad."

“Come on,” Hopper said, getting up from the couch. “Let’s get this over with.”

It had been decided that Hopper would drop El off at Mike’s. When they got to the Wheeler’s door, Ted opened the door, quickly followed by Mike.

“I got it, dad,” Mike told him, looking around his father. When he lay eyes on El, his eyes widened. “Um...hi, El.”

“Hi, Mike,” she said, blushing. Ted gave a nod to Hopper and walked away.

Hopper, standing behind El, looked menacingly at Mike. “El, sweetie, go wash your hands,” he told her.

El looked at her palms. “But they’re clean.”

“El...” he said, with a hint of a warning in his voice.

“Okay,” she said glumly, walking past Mike into the house and going to the bathroom.

Hopper looked down at Mike. To be honest, he liked Mike Wheeler. Besides Joyce’s son, Wheeler seemed to have a good head on his shoulders better than all of the other boys in his “crew.”

And Hopper knew how El felt about him, and he knew that Mike wouldn’t hurt a hair on her head. But still, he had to send a message.

“Do, uh, do you want to come in, chief?” Mike asked, trying to make sure his legs weren’t shaking.

“No, I’m alright here. Listen, kid,” Hopper began, “I will be back here at nine o’clock. I want El out here waiting when I pull up. Not nine oh one, not nine oh two, *nine* . You got me?”

Mike gulped. “Yes, sir.”

“And if you try any funny business,” he said, pointing a finger at a

terrified Mike, "You and me are gonna have a problem. You understand?"

For the second time in twenty seconds, Mike gulped. "Yes, sir."

"Good. Now that we've got that clear," he said, straightening up, "El!" he called. "I'll see you in a few hours. Have fun, sweetie!"

El came back into the room. "Thanks, Hop!" As he left, she turned to Mike. "Mike, are you alright?"

"Yeah, um, I'm fine." Getting his breathing back under control, he turned to look at her. She looked beautiful. He could tell she had makeup on, as well as lip gloss. Her hair, which now stopped halfway between her ears and neck, was parted on one side, giving her grown up look. He suddenly realized he was staring at her, and blushed.. El frowned.

"Mike?"

He snapped out of it. "Sorry. Gosh, El. You look...."

"Pretty?"

" *Really* pretty."

"Thank you," she said, looking at her feet. Then, back up at him, "And you look...handsome?"

He smiled. "Thanks."

"So...what do you do on a date?"

"Um...well...I thought we could maybe ride my bike, or take a walk, downtown. We could get something to eat?"

She nodded her head, smiling.

"Cool. Then when we come back, maybe watch a movie or something?"

"Sure," she said.

“Oh! Hold on, I forgot something,” he said. “Wait right here!” He ran off upstairs, nearly tripping on the bottom step.

El waited anxiously, hearing his footsteps as he moved around above. She heard Nancy’s voice say quietly “Mike! Don’t keep her waiting!”

Then Mike’s footsteps again, coming back down the stairs with something in his hand.

“I, um...” he stuttered. “I got you this.” He held out a pink rose. “I know pink is your favorite color. And, hey, it matches your dress!”

She took the rose in her hand and looked at it. “For me?”

“Uh...yeah.”

She gave him a quick peck on the cheek and wrapped him in a hug. When they pulled away, Mike could see his mother watching from the kitchen with an “isn’t that adorable” look on her face.

Rolling his eyes, he took El’s hand. “Let’s go.”

It was only a ten minute bike ride downtown. El clutched Mike’s waist as they rode.

They arrived at a hamburger spot, and Mike got off his bike, then helped El off as well. Leaning his bike against the diner, they headed inside.

They sat at a booth across from each other. El immediately picked up a menu.

“Mike?” she asked.

“Hm?”

“What is...a bacon burger?”

“You’ve had bacon before, right?”

She nodded her head.

“Well, they put it on a burger. It’s really good.”

“Okay.” Closing her menu, she looked at him and smiled.

He smiled back shyly. “You really do look pretty, El.”

“Thanks, Mike.”

A waitress came and took their order; they both ordered a bacon cheeseburger and fries.

“Did you tell Lucas and Will and Dustin about our...date?” she asked.

“No, but they figured it out.”

“Why didn’t you want to tell them?”

“I don’t know....I was embarrassed, I guess.”

“Why?”

“Well, you know....I didn’t want them to tease me about you.”

“Why would they tease you?”

“Because of how I..” he paused, turning a slight shade of red. Then added “Because of how I like you.”

“I like you too, Mike,” she said, smiling at him.

“Yeah, but....” he started, not sure she was understanding what kind of “like” he meant. “Remember before? In the lunchroom at school, when we were waiting for Dustin and Lucas to come back with the pudding?”

She nodded her head.

“It’s kind of like then. There’s...different kinds of liking people. Like....Nancy and Steve, you know? Nancy and Steve like each other...in a different way.”

“Ro..romantically, right?” she asked.

“Yeah, like that,” he said, surprised she remembered the correct pronunciation. He knew she still struggled with multi-syllable words. “And...and that’s how I, you know...that’s how I like you.” He turned thirty shades redder after saying the sentence.

She looked down at her hands for a second, not realizing she’d been fidgeting with them. Looking back at him, she said: “Mike?”

“Yeah?

“I like Dustin. I like Lucas and Will, too. But not like I like you. I like you the most. I like you....romantically.”

“Really?”

El nodded her head, shyly.

“I like you the most too, El. Romantically.”

They both smiled shyly at each other. Then, breaking the silence, Eleven spoke.

“Mike?”

“Hm?”

“I’m not nervous anymore.”

He smiled. “Me either, El.”

Their meal came and El loved the bacon cheeseburger. After eating, they decided to walk back to Mike’s instead of riding on his bike. They talked about what movie to watch when they got back to the Wheeler’s. Because of her history, El wasn’t the biggest fan of scary movies, so those were out of the question.

“How about *A New Hope*? ” Mike asked.

Smiling, El shook her head. “Too many times.”

“Okay, what would you like to see?”

“Um.... *101 Dalmations* ?”

Mike tried his best not to roll his eyes. Sometimes while the boys were at school, and Hopper worked, El would stay with Mrs. Wheeler and Holly. For a few weeks El and Holly went on a Disney-video viewing spree; *Snow White*, *Cinderella*, *The Fox and the Hound*, and others. Although El enjoyed watching some of the boy’s favorite movies, she enjoyed the simplicity of the animated films that Mike felt he was too old for now.

“How about *Raiders of the Lost Ark* ?” Mike suggested.

El thought about it. She did enjoy watching it, the one time she’d seen it. But then she remembered the melting faces.

“Next time?” she asked, looking over at him.

Mike sighed as their eyes met. He knew he couldn’t say no to her. “Okay, *101 Dalmatians*. Just don’t tell the guys about it, okay? They’d make fun of me for days.”

“Promise,” she said, taking his hand in hers.

They watched the movie on the couch in the basement. Mike enjoyed watching it more than he thought he would; then again, he’d enjoy almost anything as long as El was with him. About halfway through, try as she might, El began to get tired. After a while, her head rested on Mike’s shoulder as she dozed.

At that point, Mike didn’t care what movie they watched. As long as he had El next to him, he knew he’d have a good time.

Some time later, Mike glanced at his watch. Moving his shoulder a little, he said “El, it’s 8:55. We’d better get upstairs.”

Eleven's eyes opened and for a second she forgot where she was. But her eyes settled on Mike, and she smiled.

"Sorry."

"It's okay, El. Did you, um...did you like the date?"

She nodded her head eagerly.

"Me too. Um...maybe we can do it again, soon?"

"Please," she said, smiling.

He started to stand but El, still sitting, looked up at him with curious eyes.

"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"What about....kissing?"

He sat back down. "Oh. Do, uh...do you want to?"

She nodded her head.

"Oh." Blushing, he said, "Me too."

They both waited a moment, eyes never leaving the others until almost simultaneously their faces slowly moved towards one another. They met halfway, pressing their lips together gently. Mike, not sure what to do with his hands, simply put them on his lap. El put hers on his shoulders, pulling a bit closer. After a moment they pulled apart, both red but smiling.

"That was nice," she said.

Mike, in a daze, simply said, "Yeah."

"Can we do it again?"

"Sure, but we've got to..." he was cut off, as El put her lips back on his. This time he placed his hands on her waist, feeling a bit more

confident. After a few seconds, they pulled apart, both grinning.

El giggled, and said "Sorry."

"No, no, that's, uh....okay," Mike said, trying to compose himself. He glanced at his watch: 9:01.

"*Shit*," he said, taking El's hand and rushing up the stairs.

Hopper was waiting in his truck outside.

El said a quick "Bye Mike," pecked him on his cheek, and went over to Hopper's truck.

Hopper didn't raise his voice, he simply gave Mike a look that could've scared the Demogorgon.

Mike gave a weak wave to the two in the truck and went inside.

Once El buckled her seatbelt, she turned to Hopper, a big smile on her face.

"Have fun?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

She nodded her head. "It was really nice. Look!" She showed him the rose Mike had given her that'd been tucked in her jacket.

"Hm," Hopper grunted. Maybe the Wheeler kid wasn't too bad.

Going back into his house, Mike felt a rush of relief and excitement. He'd survived the first of what he was hoping would be many dates

with El. Even though Hopper terrified him, Mike wouldn't have changed a thing.

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading. I'm envisioning doing 2-3 more parts to this series. If you have any prompts or ideas feel free to let me know. Comments and kudos are appreciated.